or Rain.

CHRISTMAS 1912

## The Waste Basket MELLOW-DRAMA AS SHE IS PLAYED

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

CHRISTMAS

Edited by the Proof-Render and the ub Reporter of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, and Published as often as we can get the space.

VOLUME 1.

NUMBER 1

Subscriptions must be paid strictly in advance, not that we need the mon- discovered crouched in a chair at the up for yuh?" ey, but more for the principle of the right of the stage, before a canvas "Then you refuse to marry muh?" thing. Subscriptions are payable in fireplace in which repose several logs cries the Villain in a towering rage. cash, old clothes, stamps, or lamps, of wood, underneath which is a red "What is that pore cloths-cleaner to We take anything but fish and wood- light. Through the open window at you? I have money, and can give en nickels. Address all communication back of the stage confetti snow you everything." tions to the editors of the Waste Bas- can be seen slowly drifting down from | "I may be married to a pore man,"

#### CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

salubrious New Year, and regretting represent a baby. With one hand on "and I will never marry you!" ed this year by space, we hereby dis- the che-fld to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain. "Curses on tribute the following presents donated half-way across the stage and stops. you! You shall be paid for this!" to popular favorites by an admiring Ha! She heaves a sigh.

Bert Lightfoot - A first-class per-

ambulator.

Governor Frear - Peace pipe (from)

Wyoming gang). D. L. Conkling-Box of pre-digested Soapbox Barron-A rattle and , a

negaphone. W. W. Thayer-Box of taffy.

award (by federal jury). Marshal Hendry-One "Big Ben." W. Breckons-Perpetual control of the territorial Republican party.

"Bounteous" Bevan-Book on writng and staging plays. Delegate Kuhio-Our blessing. Harry Lake-A great future. loshua Tucker-Ticket to next Maonic convention.

Link McCandless - The governor's

Editors of this page-Alibis. A. A. Wilder-Democratic spoils system, in good working order Mayor Fern-Complete control. Jas. L. Coke-Breckons' job.

Dr. Pratt-A clean bill of health. Dr. A. N. Sinclair-Book entitled says: Strangulating Tuberculosis Gernis."

### PASSING OF THE OLD JOKES

As I idle o'er the papers when the busy day is through, marking all the sir?" jokesmiths' capers, funny stunts the artists do; I'm impressed by some- you see I'm letting my beard grow?" thing wanting that of yore I read with gice, and a memory comes haunting of a joke that used to be. (Down 'neath the old jokes' graveyard mould the mother-in-law jest fies dead and cold.) Boon companion of this jokelet was another, in its day not so sturdy as an oak, yet in seeming built to stay. But the missing one reminding me of laughs that are no more, I am sadly put to finding this one too bas gone before. (No more upon the comic screen Jane starts the fire with ker-

Startled thus on search unhappy for old friends of Mirth and me, I rescan the columns snappy where the smiles are scattered free; then, with sorrowful emotion I discover further loss-one more mark of Wit's devotion to oblivion gets the toss. (No playful rhymes now run upon greenapple pangs of little John.) All of these bright buds of humor had their fondly lingering day, but the last, like passing rumor, faded sure and swift away. On the road of their last taking there must followers be, I know and a little choice I'm making of the proper next to go. (E'er women vote let's fix the fate of the chestnut "Is my hat on straight?").

#### THE SEASON OF SELF-DENIAL

Now comes the season when the man just gets along the best he can with old suspenders, mended hose. and neckties which must wear disclose. His handkerchiefs are frayed and few, but the supply he won't renew. Of sleeve links he himself de- Is it raining, Willie? nies; to tie his cuffs with string he tries. He will not buy a ring or pin; he leaves the stubble on his chin because he lacks a razor's care. He won't buy brushes for his hair-because he thinks each loving friend editorial on Winter in Alaska. some little token will extend andhow his heart the fancy lifts-he'll get them all as Christmas gifts.

Comes merry Yuletide, full of glee, And now we plainly see

clothes, and Christmas presents for a lot of people, and give away a lot of junk we don't want, and get a lot we can't use, And for a year in debt we'll be.

We must buy coal, and food, and

(The best music for this scene would be the piece called "Hearts and Flowers".)

TIME-About five years ago.

course, the Mor-tgage.

As the scene opens, the Heroine is think that I would give me Clarence

one of the wind. The heroine rises make muh." from her seat and going over to a cradic, which may be seen near the yuh have muh sell the old farm and Wishing the readers of this page front of the stage, right, reaches down turn yuh out in the crool woild?" one and all a merry Christmas and a and from it takes a doll dressed to "I hate you!" cries the Heroine,

times and then places the che-ild in might be a stick of dynamite. He also E. A. Mott-Smith-1,000 birth cer- its cradle and goes over to the small fishes around in the pocket until he table, center stage, and removes from finds a make-believe fuse, which he Alex. Lindsay-A \$50,000 law prac- a drawer a revolver loaded with sun- attaches to the stick of dynamite. Godry blank cartridges.

"I will end it all," she says, in a the Heroine bound and gagged, he low whisper. "Ah, why did Clarence places the stick of dynamite under the desert muh in this manner after I had chair and trails the fuse over to the been a troo and loving wife. Thank door. God, his che-ild shall never live to know that its father was a clothes-lined overcoat and silk lid and then

aces wildly around the stage.

"What's that?" she cries, in a low "Can it be Clarence come back to claim muh as his own once his pockets for some matches and finmore?" She goes to the door and ally his search is rewarded. He tries opens it, and lo! who enters but the to stike one, but it fails to light. Then Villain, Harold, the Hasty Hair-Dress- he tries another. It also fails. The er. The Heroine starts back in sur- Villain suddenly starts up in dismay. prise, but Harold pays no attention to "Foiled again!" he cries, and van-George Davis-Bottle soothing syr- her, and walks over to the fireplace, ishes through the door into the darkwhere, after seemingly warming his ness. Duke Kahanamoku — Australia's hands and brushing a few flakes of the confetti snow off his shoulders, proceeds to remove his fur-lined over- festroy the Heroine and the che-lid as coat and silk tile. Oh, yes, and he well as the aforementioned farmalso twirls the ends of his long, black house, had really been folled. He mustache. A Villain would not be a found to his dismay that all the Villain urless he had a long, black matches he had were safety matches, mustache. After he has performed all and he had neglected to bring the box these duties that his part of the play with him. And, of course, the Hero calls for, he turns on the Heroine, enters later and sets the Heroine free,

SCENE-Interior of the old farm- | "So. Gwendolyn Fairfax, you spurn ed me love to marry me enemy, Clarence, the Clever Clothes-Cleaner, and CHARACTERS - The Heroine, the this is the thanks you get. But it is Villain, the Che-ild, and, of not too late to secure the Che-ild. You must either marry muh or I will sell the old farm. You must either sign

the papers or I will tell all." "You brute!" eries the Heroine. "!

"But I have the Papers! Would

Whereupon he proceeds to seize the "Alone, alone!" she cries. "Alone Herolne and, despite her struggles, "Mike" Randall—A Carnegie hero in the crosel wolld with me che-ild gags her and ties her to a chair. Gohedal.

Fort Lightfoot — A first class nor over a dill pickle."

gags her and ties her to a chair. Going over to where he laid his overcoat, he takes out of a pocket some-She repeats this stunt a couple of thing which to the casual observer ing over to the chair where he has

> He then proceeds to put on his furvays to the Heroine: As she is examining the revolver "I will be revenged for the way you butter dese days.

H. Olson-\$1,000,000 Mahuka and preparing to make her departure have treated muh, and five minutes to another world, a knock is heard at after I light the fuse you and the theaters are efen charging for der lkey:—Vell, vot vould you do to the door. She drops the gun and Che-ild and the farmhouse will be blown to smithereens. Good-bye fort-r-reve-rrr!!!" Going over to the door, he feels in

You see, kind reader, his plans to with one of those wicked smiles, and and they live happily ever after, as the novelists say.

## LAUGHS FROM THE BEST SHOWS

"Won't you look at some wice ties,

"What do I want with ties? Can't up and waits for me."

"Do you consider it a crime for men to play golf on Sunday?" "No, but I consider it a crime to licar them play on that day."

"What do you think is the hardest thing they encounter in aviation?" "The carth."

"Say, mister, don't you want a boy?" "What for?" "To pay five a week to." "For doing what?"

"Why, fer hangin' around here all week waitin' fer the five." "August! Come here!

"Don't call me August.

"Why couldn't they play cards in "Because Noah stood on the deck."

"My wife has a great affection for me. Every time I'm out late she sits "That isn't affection; it's suspicion.

"What does your wife/look like?" "She's a decided blonde." "Yes, I know. I was with her when

she decided."

And now a soul paused at the very portal. "There is no marrying nor giving in marriage here?" it faltered timidly. "None," answered St. Peter with

a kindly smile. "Thank you," said the soul, and went in without wiping its feet.

Teacher: In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?

says no man can serve two masters.

"What is Billy Hardat doing these days?" asked Smithers. "Oh, he's working his son's way through college," said little Binks.

## HEARD IN THE OFFICE

Poet: Let me tell you, sir, that, poem cost me a month's hard labor. Editor (who has read the poem) Is that all? If I'd been the judge who passed the sentence you'd have gotten

Court Reporter: Why did they send that poor boob to the insane asylum? passed through his brain and wrecked Kakaako writes. Don't you think that

Sob Miss (dressed for the theater); The Cub: Not a taxicab rain.

City Editor: These are the days dern' smart, why is it that we don't when the editorial writer looks medi- see any bald heads in the front rows tatively out of the window, takes a at the theaters here in Honolulu? fresh chew of tobacco and pens an

Visitor: Anything in the extra? Editor: Nothing extra.

The Cub: I'm too tired to work today. City Ed .: What's the trouble? The Cub: I covered that chess

one blamed move after another.

tournament last night and it was just Sob Sister: I would love to have some furs for this winter.

The Cub: All right. I'll get you pair of ear-muffs.

Society Editor:-Congratulate me I'm engaged. Proof Reader: - No! Honest? Who's left you money?

'City Editor:-What do you thing of City Editor: A train of thought this "mush" that the feller down in he carries his ideas a bit too far? Cub Reporter: - Sure. He might have left that stuff at a newspaper office nearer the center of town. They'd print any thing.

Say, Cub, you are so all fired gol Huh! No ticket scalpers here that I have seen.

BUSINESS.

"Mirandy! Mirandy! Git up! They's tew automobiles gone by already this mornin' an' th' chickens ain't been turned out into th' road yet!"-Judge.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Lawyer-You say that you want a divorce from your husband. Why is it that you can't get along with him? Client-We wants me to be reasonable.

# BEING THE SAD STORY OF 2 LARGE

[A FABLE IN SLANG]

"Say, this X mas stunt gets me reg- An' I goes throo me stockin's an' seed you kill the pore man who was the firm. A goil, speshully one in de saw you lide the buddy. Do you had better try "Betty a manicure parlor. It's sump."

Throw your laundry out the port have decided that I cannot hole; it will be washed ashore.— You had better try "Betty and the buddy. Do you had better try "Betty and the buddy. Buddy and the b saw you 'ide the buddy. Do you show bizz, ain't got a chanct on eart' in fierce. of breakin' even wit de racket. Dis "Well, I goes down to Casey's place Dear Sir:—I am severely troubled Chris'mus I comes down here from de and I blows six bits on a pair of with freckles. Kindly tell me how I

> loaded down wit' Chris'mus shoppin' wid a gink wot youse is askin' favors careful not to let it run over the edge. a young feller from the East dat—on de level—dey ain't got time of. dat-on de level-dey ain't got time of. to sell youse a bottle of patchouli or "Den I beats it to bed, and bein' with the point of a sharp knife. a box o' paint. It's suttinly awful.

to pass, as dey say, I gets ready to I'm goin' to cut down on de givin'

Golden Gate bolg, and de foist t'ing I Chris'mus stockin's. So help me! can get rid of them, blows into is a old side-kick, what Dey wus sold to me as de latest t'ing bones me for a touch on de plea dat's in Chris'mus presents, and I goes Try this ointment: One ounce of coming on to de Happy Yuletide. home proud 'n' happy. Well, I hangs phosphorus, one-half cunce vitrol, "An' it's been goin' like dat ever 'em up. Yes, I ain't no hog, but I twenty drops carbolic acid and fifteen out of the flys, while a tin-pan racket may be occasionally heard, reminding be that than what your go-old would leaded down mit. Chair may be incentified to a pore man, since. Foist one ting, an den anallus believed in doin tings proper, drops brimstone. Rub the mixture oder, an de coves in de stores is so in I says, 'It ain't no use bein' stingy on each freckle separately, being

> wore out wid polishing gents' nails Editor. "But what gets me goat woist of all day, goes to muh innercent sleep. all is dat youse can't break away from "W'en I wakes it's mornin', 'n' me manicure emporium on Market street. d'yethink! Some rummy gink had can I take as a cure for this?
>
> The stoige had'n never entered me bin 'n' cut a hole in both toes. I fighead in dem days. I was innercent. gered it out dat dis Santy Claus feller I was so innercent dat I didn' dare run shy of Chris'mus gifts about de go out after dark. Also I believed all time he gets to me 'n', being nateralde bunk dey tells youse about Chris'- ly mean, snips dem rags to break in love with a young man, and recenteven. Anyhow, I ain't hod no paly he told a friend of mine that he "Well, w'en last Chris'mus comes tience wid Chris'mus since den, 'n'

hung up muh stockin'. Sure, I did. game from now on, beleeve muh!"

Ikey:-How doe you make that

Ikey:-Yes. Standing room only.

Louis:--Vot iss der scarcest ting

Ikey:--Do you like der theaters? Louis:--Sure I do; I always sit in

Ikey:-Can you tell me vot iss

Ikey:-Vot iss it a parasite?

lkey:- I used to be awful thin.

lkey:--Say, can you tell me how it

Louis:-I have got a fierce pain in

lkey:-Vot kind of a pain iss it?

Ikey:-I can imitate a violin.

ried her husband to reform him.

Louis:-No. He, only lived

lkey:--Cohen iss making

Ikey:-Did she succede?

ones mit jaggy edges.

Louis: - Can you?

for der last veek ?

don't you shave it off?

Tkey:-No.

Louis: -It iss one of dose round

Louis:-Has he been cutting up

passion play for a moving picture

Louis:-Do you know, dere has

been something trembling on my lips

Louis: -I bought me a set of books

Ikey: -So I have observed.

Louis: -An old maid's children.

Louis:-Iss dot so?

in der woild?

Ikey: -- Vot?

der front row.

musical comedy?

DIRECT FROM THE HARDUP VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT

Ikey:-I see by der newspapers dat | Ikey:-No, dot vas a little stranger der hotels is charging for bread and Louis:-- Vy. for did you hit dot man vot come in your grocery store der Louis: - Dat's nodding. Vy, der odder day?

programs. -Vy iss it dat you are looking lasked you if he could take a so high-minded and virtuous lately? picture of your cheese? Louis:-Vell, you see I have decided to cut out der musical comedy for von week and attend dat perform- out? ance of Shakespeare vot I see billed. Louis:-He iss always falling into lkey:-Iss id not a most fortunate property. Der odder night he vas thing?

Louis:-Vat? Ikey:-Dot peoble can't read der cisses vot have been printed upon a now. goil's lips.

Louis:-Vell, id is better to have loved and lost dan neffer to have loved at all. lkey: Sure. Dat is a case vere you vin ven you lose.

Louis: - Ain't it funny dot womens ion't like a bald-headed ham. Ikey:-Dere iss nodding der matter mit a bald-headed man. Louis:—How do you make it out: Ikey:-Vell, you neffer saw a piece of entertainment in which a large

of furniture vot had a marble top dot vasn't some good, did you? Louis:-Say, Ikey, vot iss pense of der audience. meaning of MDCCCXCVIII. Ikey:-Dot means eighteen hundred

and ninety-eight. Louis:-Say, don't it strike you dot they are carrying this spelling reform entirely too far? iss dot a sculptor dies?

Ikey: -Do you velieve in voman Louis: -Sure. He makes faces and suffrage? Louis:-Sure I do. I believe in giffing der womans deir rights.

Ikey:-I vas just thinking vot a so fat now? funny t'ing it vould be if a voman | Ikey:-Vell, you see when I was vass a bolicemans. Louis: -- Vy yould it be funny? dow and come down plump.

Ikey:-Because a voman vould arrest a man just for der pleasure of valking to der station house mit him. Louis:-Vot iss der latest news from der Balkan frontier? lkey:-I read dat der Turkish army

has taken Peruna. Louis:-I read by der papers de odder day dot der Boolgarian nation-Little Boy: I gues it's the part that al hymn vas der "Turkey Trot." Ikey:-I am godding so heavy dese days dat it makes me uncomfortable.

Louis:-Vell, vy for you don't take years after der marriage. some exercise? Ikey:-I have tried that but show of himself. makes me the more uncomfortable. Louis: - I saw you down town last capers again?

Ikey: - Who was I with? Louis: - You was with a big crowd.

lkey:-1 was not; I was with a big Louis:-I vent by your house

von o'clock this morning and saw a light in der upstairs vindow. Dot vas strange.

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Dear Editor: - I am going on a trip very beautiful, and I know from here to San Francisco. How never live without him. Pl may I arrange for my laundry aboard me what to do. the boat?

Miss Ann Tique.

My Dear Sir:-I am a spinster of that the Christmas tree must be limitther forehead and the other hugging "So you spurn muh love?" once it. Spot w'at happened me last year; bein' anxious, bunks for de place forty-five and have suddenly discovered this year by space, we hereby disthe che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the Villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the villain, "Curses on the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the villain the che-ild to her breast, she walks more asks the villain the che-ild to her breast, and the che-ild to her breast, and the che-ild to her breast, and the che-ild to her bre

Miss Anne Teek. Better try chloroform.-Editor.

was deeply in love with me. I am partment.-Editor.

#### LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

They stool there in the moonlight; The pigskin ball that players he a big husky fellow of twenty, and Is like a pome writ by she a shy young maid of seventeen. Who toss off verses smooth a Slowly his arms stole around her, and | For it's a product of the pen as he lightly kissed the upturned lips, she pushed him sudely from ..r.

"Take your cheek away, thear" the axclaimed. "You've been using a safety razor." And he disapepared into the night. man if he come into your store and The Cub Reporter and the Sob Miss Said the dingbat to the one in the office. The ,irl

> stre that you love me?" "Of course I love you." repited the

Cub. coming home and he fell into the "How long wil you love me?" basement of a new ten-story building. "I will love you until these Islands Ikey:-My vife has a hobble sholt are buried underneath the sea." "Oh, is that all?" was the surprised

"No!" he suddenly said, "No! I will

love you until we get an electric fan And with a low, glad cry, she threw herrolf into his arms.

gas collector had presente Louis:—A musical comedy is a form his bill, and the business man looked "There is something wrong with this number of people on der stage appear it over thoughtfully. to be amusing themselves at der ex- bill," he said.

"No. sir." said the collector, "the bill is all right. It is according to the Louis:-Vy, a parasite iss von of meter." "It is very strange," resumed the dose tings vot they drops from bal-

business man. "I certainly burned more gas than that last month. The gas collector turned pale and edged toward the door. "Very well, sir," he sald, "very well. Don't get He jammed into a littching excited, sir: keep quiet; calm your-

Louis:-Vell, vy iss id that you are self. Everything will be made all right, I assure you, sir." The collector bounded down the fifteen years old I fell ouid of a vin- steps and shouted for help. Four policemen responded, and, moving cautiously up the stairs, secured the maniac and got him safely to the aavlum

But little hope is entertained for another doctor?"

on der installment plan today and all have to pay is one dollar a month. Ikey:-For how many months? Louis:-I hear dot Rebeccah mar-Louis: -Och Gott! I forgot to ask. Ikey: - Miss Lewistein is a ver courageous goil, isn't she?

Louis:-- I should say so. She is that an an an an an an engaged to marry a man by der name I of Triplets. Ikey:-Vy did you put dot man out of der hall at der dance der odder

Ikey:-No. He is taking part in a night? Louis:-He claimed to be one of the city firemen, and he was wearin' a celluloid collar.

> Ikey: - Say, Louis Louis: - Vot? Ikey:- Ve gotta cut this ouid. can't have any more space. Louis:-Vell, ve can sing a little

ong, can't we? Ikey:-Sure. Vot vill ve sing? Louis: - Ve vill sing that old familiar bullet entitled "Vere der gristle euddles in der canned goods, Marguerite." Professor---

SERIES. "Ever in a railway accident?" "Well, I kissed a pretty girl once; geing through a tunnel." "Not a very serious accident that." # Box 41146. "Yes, it was; I married her."-Phil-

acelphia Bulletin.

KNEW IT. "Do you really believe, doctor, that your old medicine really keeps anybody alive?" asked the skeptic. "Surely," returned the doctor, "My

gists and their famalies alive in this town for 20 years."-Harper's Weekly.

A DIFFERENCE. "And what is that little building over there?" asked the visitor to Tompy's place.

"That? Oh, my wife calls that the garage," said Tompy. "Oh-what it your car?" asked the

"Oh, that's a mirage," said Tompy.

After thinking this question Throw your laundry out the port have decided that I cannot h

Dear Editor: -How may I

in air-tight jars. It will keep

him? to proove that I am am inclosing my picture.

We received the picture, want to keep on the right ske

Mr. Editor:—If that is the pole and that is the trolley who that is the trolley wire, where

Please apply foolish qu

## BALLADS OF THE

The Michigander's petticoats Will give him no more peace For he has voted to give votes. To all the Michigeese.

In the shade of the c eved, and afte: a lone stience Deth see, under indigo hulla Tis the voice of the wigglety

> A Turk with a name I can't Got shot, but where I won't Said he, "Darn that Slav. It's a tough time I'll have Standing up until I get well."

A Hungarian, Teddy Gouvas To insure his e As the people's selection. To a seat in the Hangarian

Twee good to be alive; The carburetor spring a leak

He started on a little tour.

Bill-\$14.67.

The finest sort of fun; le blew in all the coin he h And then in august cri

And take just one more ride." DOCTORING A DOCTOR

"I'll put a mortgage on the

"Oh, yes." "Well, tell me this: a doctor the way the du wants to be doctored, or does ter doing the doctoring doctor er doctor in his own way?"-

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> WANTED-At once. Girl with low tooth to bite holes in nuts. Apply the Mixum Bal

pound pol. Address 67, this

enough for one barber pole. dress 23, this office.

WANTED-A can of striped paint.